Rome Feria Santo Sunday
March 15. 1879

My dear Maria

I'm outstaying paper & ink being Sunday I cannot get any more till some time I wrote for I have had lots of scribbling to perform to the memory of Lady, as General Sir Vincent Eyre has been placing a tablet on the house she has died & each of your papers have taken it up - I have been very happy on scraping together the 50£ for poor dear Tom & pray observe that I have such success in my pocket, for I had a pretty God send "a sweet little cherub sits up aloft to look out for the lot of poor Jack"

Your removal to the country near to dear Mr Courthope will be a great pleasure because you give my love to her for I remember her with much pleasure

Mary old friend Mr William Howitt has just died - he was 87 & lives in Rome - Tom mentioned his works - I have been grieved at his loss -

It will be my turn some day & every letter I think may be my last - Yet here I am & pretty well I have not been out for a month, for the cold

I've got a bad pen & my writing is bad
We are well into the spring, & I have not yet
been out, for I am so afraid of the cold
Wednesday next is my festival, & I
get no end of flowers, and the Doctor gives a dinner
& my health is drunk
Much business has been going on, as the water
shares, have seldom paid me interest, & as I gave
them to Eleanor on her marriage, she has wish'd them
to be sold so as to place the thousand pounds, in the
English funds. This is now done & I am to receive
the interest regularly. This was a good idea of
mine for I did it to aid the marriage & my son in
law Newton gave her another thousand pounds, the
marriage has been a very stately one & they have
4 children. Mr. Furneaux is a excellent man
they live near Oxford, Banbury
On the arrival of my son, all my children &
grandchildren to the amount of 23! shewed out
& there was a kind of rejoicing —
I have not yet seen my son, as he wants to be
settled before he comes to Rome

March 29th - Spring is late here & I suffer & cannot go out - I write too quick & fear you cannot read my scribble - The rain is great and has filled me with rheumatic pains, but they last for a short time so I must not complain

The Romans will not work & so there is no end of robberies, but I always go out in a Coach & have no fear - But in Sicily the thieves are Brigands & actually attack people in their houses, they carry their victims to the mountains until they get a ransom & sometimes kill them - & yet there are 1/2 a million of troops, what a bad government

I was about to begin a new picture, but the Lord's work not die - you'll see mention of me in the papers united with the memory of Keats

My beard I am beginning to wear, for the shaving is such a bore to me & I hate a barber so you will not know me - Age disfigures us all - I am glad the warmth will come soon for the wood fire is a poor affair & requires constant attention - I have not been out for a month on account of the dumps, but I am "bobbish" as you say in London - To day our Queen is to arrive in Italy

my Son Henry I have not yet seen - as he is trying to be well settled before he comes to Rome

I am glad to be present from doing a new picture as I have not strength of nerves & I will return to the Newspapers - All the ~~tragedies~~ vegetables & fruit begin to shout at & agree with me

~~Na~~ Keats's MSS. begin to seek high in my [illegible] - that I [illegible] would sell you for a £100 - I have given them all to the Doctor as I could not give him money

afraid to convey that M.S. charge in value & I can pay Dr. V right well -

I am glad at your removal & that you will be near dear Mrs Cawthorne -

my love to all -

yours loving brother Joe.